



Leap Year Opportunities.

Some Eligible Eligibles.

Faint Heart No'er Won Coy Bachelor.

Personal Rights.

Mr. Cooper Replies.

In this era of fireless cookers, smokeless guns, wifeless husbands and eggless cakes, it is not strange that the sun, moon and stars have regulated time to such an extent that there is left a whole year at intervals, when mere man as a wooer is dethroned; but he has numerous consolations. His fortune need not decrease in a vain effort to pay the chauffeur for around-Diamond-Head trips or pass his salary over to the florist for American Beauties, to lay throbbing, panting and alluring on the bosom of some fair siren. No, indeed, he may instead dwell in placid peace within his bachelor lair, and wait until fortune, in the shape of some fair maid, knocks at his lonely door.

Leap Year is a season set aside by some port wine committee for the express purpose of providing an opportune time for fashionable divorcees, old maids and grief-stricken widows, to bestir themselves, and shuffle up some old church aisle to the dear old wedding march.

One's most conceived idea of marriage is like going to heaven in a festoon of bride's roses, malle and sweet music, and returning via the kitchen route with carpet sweeper, a yard boy, saucepans and balky gas stoves. Nevertheless, every woman wants a man because he is a repository for noble confidences, and aside from that, he can pay her bills, if he so elects.

So Mr. What's-His-Name has entered a new year. It has been remarkably easy for him to make fine resolutions for 1912, but can he keep them? He need not woo, though he will be pursued. He may array himself in steel armor, close his eyes to the evil machinations of woman's wiles in a variety of styles, but—say—will he?

The momentous importance of his freedom for a time will show how very significant is the game of love. He will in all human probability pass from his throne as easily as a mynah flies from one date tree to another, and many of the most confirmed of Honolulu's bachelors will, before the dawn of 1913, have become doting Benedicks.

But for the next year, at least, every unattached male is privileged to cease his love-making, that is, of course, if he has not found it a good investment. If he has an affair d'amour which lays as heavily on his heart as the assessment on his oil stock, he may throw it aside as lightly as he pleases, though the chances are it will be assumed by his loved one, who will remove every obstacle and clear his vision of doubt, as a Spring rain washes the air.

For now is the day of the woman, and if there be any "female of the species" who is less than seventy-eight years, six months and twelve days, who has lived in mild despair up to January 1, 1912, now may she stake new claims.

So 1912 will be given up to the gentle wiles of woman. Everything rests with her. She may become a wife, or a suffragette as she wills, and in the hearts of the men there will be a goading unrest.

As it is written in the law of Moses, or some of those good old books, that man should not live alone, why should he, especially if there is a woman willing to offer love in homeopathic doses, until he can take the full strength without injury to his heart?

As for The Bystander—who is married—he wishes every woman success in the pursuit, and to aid her in her choice, provided she has not yet decided upon her fate, has gathered together a list of the most eligible of Honolulu's bachelors, which may be of value to her as she makes her selection.

First on my list is Mr. Roscoe W. Perkins, a very marriageable bachelor, who has been such for some time. The only wonder is that he has not been captured on some previous leap year by some fair damsel. Even his closest friends admit that it will have to be the woman in the case who does the proposing as far as Roscoe is concerned, and they also admit that it is a wonder he has escaped so long.

He has a nice, even disposition and could be domesticated easily by the right woman. He has domestic tendencies although a member of the Wahine Kapu Club and has been such since its founding, several years ago. He is the only member of the original bunch who has escaped matrimony.

Mr. Perkins has a fine photographic business, owns an automobile which is one of the classiest in town, and is the proud master of a blooded Boston bull terrier which answers to the name of "Duchess."

These are his qualifications and his drawbacks, so that all unmarried women may have a chance to judge for themselves. It is four years before there will be another opportunity for some fair damsel to capture this prize by a proposal of her own. "Luck favors the brave."

For strictly domestic purposes, I can recommend Mr. Charles Hustace Jr., a son of the soil, with a good figure in person and on his bank deposit book. As a matrimonial partner for someone who desires a man sound in wind and limb and thoroughly dependable, anyone could go farther and fare worse than in proposing to Charley. It will be necessary, however, that the one who takes up the wooing of Mr. Hustace should have a talking knowledge of Republican politics and be fond of out-of-doors. Mr. Hustace's address is on the lanai of 880 S. Beretania.

Andrew Adams, plantation manager, handsome as a photogravure, always dines in a Tuxedo, as careful of his linen as he is of his secrets, steady and with the full complement of limbs, what more could anyone desire? As a 1912 bargain, Mr. Adams is in a class by himself. He is approachable and has been heard to say that no man should live alone. The manager's residence at Kahuku, where Mr. Adams can be frequently found and where he lives, is within easy motoring distance of the city. He has not yet passed thirty-seven and the only surprising thing about him is that in these days of excitement and surprises and matrimonial upheavals he has not been hooked.

As to Mr. William P. Roth, broker, no girl need be deterred from paying her addresses because of his fierce appearance. He is not as wild as he looks, but on the other hand is exceedingly gentle, and, as the saying goes, "will eat of the hand" of the woman who is kind and affectionate with him. And then, he is every inch a man, and there are a considerable number of inches to him. His presence and agreeable manners should insure consideration—favorable consideration—from any damsel or widow upon whom fate may bestow him.

Mr. Edward Dekum, capitalist and man of the world, who resides at The Macdonald, is another peach upon the matrimonial tree who has been allowed to blush himself into single ripeness. It is by no means certain that Mr. Dekum would fall into the first hand that reaches out for him, but he could be plucked with a firm and a determined grasp. Faint heart never won blooming bachelor, you know. Mr. Dekum has a steady job with The Advertiser, but doesn't really have to work. He has bonds and stocks drawing interest enough to keep a very fine establishment running smoothly and is certain to turn out to be a good provider. He neither drinks nor chews tobacco and smokes only the best grade of Havanas. He has been heard to express a preference for widows, while any fair suitor would find that a German accent would be a help to her. Mr. Dekum has arrived at years of discretion but is in no wise showproud.

"He is too nice to remain single," is a remark frequently heard in connection with Mr. William H. McInerney, manager and part proprietor of the M. McInerney, Limited, shoe store on Fort street, who lives in single blessedness at 467 North Judd. An athletic girl, with a taste for yachting, would be the one to go after this matrimonial dainty. She would find in Mr. McInerney one able to comfort in times of sorrow, be tender during those periods of affliction which come to the happiest of us and be a true comrade and loving husband at all times. He is one of Honolulu's best dressers and is said to be especially expert in suggesting new and novel cuts for gowns, while his generosity has never been doubted.

Should any fair one angle in vain for Mister William, there is his twin

brother James D. James has the same splendid figure as William and the identical features, the main difference between the two being that James knows all about men's clothing and William knows all about footwear, male and female. Whoever gets either of them will have to put a distinguishing brand on hubby, otherwise there might be complications.

There is, next, Mr. Oliver G. Lansing. He answers to the name of Toots. Mr. Lansing is eligible and willing, although coy. In a strictly worldly way he ranks among Honolulu's comers and carries a checkbook even now. He is comely and has no bad habits except that of being a bachelor. He can be extremely agreeable, drives his own car and is warranted not to make a fuss over a late breakfast or long hairs in his military brushes. Distinctly a catch.

This is by no means exhaustive list of Honolulu's leap year eligibles. As a matter of fact, if any unattached female puts her whole mind to it, there is no reason why the New Year should come with any left-overs in the city. Last year was a prosperous one and no good reason for refusals for any kind of proposals exists. I say, therefore: Ladies, go forth and take full advantage of your last opportunities before the San Francisco Fair.

I will be glad to furnish any earnest lady, whether divorced, old maid or young girl, with the particulars I have on hand concerning Sam Walker, one of the best in the open market; Lieutenant Andrews, of General Macomb's staff, who looks cute in his uniform; Bob McCorriston, Judge Lymer, Robert Mist or Harry Whitney. The last named is reported about gone, but some quick hustling might fetch him up running before the altar. No triflers need apply.

Remember, there are only 337 days left before the close of this open season.

This fruit of meditation has been ripening for several weeks, in fact, ever since poor Victor Nhee shot himself because he thought as he said, that "he was a bad fish in pure water." It concerns one class of lawyers. Now I have no particularly grudge against lawyers. Not one of them has ever succeeded in getting me for a client. But the class, known elsewhere as shysters, merits the grudge of every honest man.

When genial old Dr. J. N. McCormack, that big hearted chap who came down here some months ago with his message to the medical fraternity and to the people, said that the reason the lawyers run the country and are so successful, is because no matter how much "fine frenzy" they might exhibit in the courtroom, they're always "good fellows together" outside, he meant, of course, that lawyers are always looking out for themselves. We all do that but it sometimes works out in such an uncomfortable way for the other fellow, especially when the lawyers do it.

Victor Nhee killed himself because oriental runners for some Honolulu lawyers were trying to get the business offered to another member of the profession, and it was in order to gain their point that they spread the tales which led to that melancholy and self-accusing note, "a bad fish in pure water."

Nhee's death is checked up to the discredit of shysters. Understand me, I don't refer to those who perform the legitimate work of their profession, but to those who fatten on an espionage system among orientals. More unnecessary divorces have been caused in Honolulu's oriental colony through the machinations of these runners than would look nice in a bare report. More lawsuits that could have been settled by an amiable conference now clog the courts as a result of the work of these greedy parasites than the courts should be called upon to try.

Fees are scarce and lawyers are many. The well being of many offices in this city depends on the work of these runners, for the most part Chinese and Korean. These men go about among their people making trouble that their principals may settle it—at a price—causing hard feelings, stirring up unrest, and above all, impressing on the receptive oriental mind that this is a country where justice is sold, bartered and traded and the lawyers control the market. There are not two judges in this city today big enough to shut up the lawyer that begins to harp on the personal rights of a defendant who has been convicted ten times before, a known crook. They don't dare do it and few can blame them. Should they break away from the system the ready appeal earns a reversal of their opinion. They are accused among the lawyers of unprofessional procedure and they have the odium of the disapproval of a higher and less independent court.

When we consider personal rights, should not we have some legal expert tell us whether or not that class of the profession which lives on the efforts of corrupt and crooked runners have personal rights that permit them to destroy the safeguards of law which the public community has built up for its own protection?

Can the community give crooks personal rights?

W. O. Smith is fearful lest there be "some misunderstanding of the situation growing out of a misinterpretation perhaps, of the word politics." Mr. Cooper, chairman of the Republican central committee, who is more closely affected by any interpretation of the word politics, is also fearful. But if the public remains in ignorance of the term, after its definition by inference given by both these gentlemen during the week, then it deserves all that Mr. Cooper has written.

Mr. Smith wrote one letter and Mr. Cooper cultivated the habit to a greater extent, when it was learned that politics had been injected into the board of health's test examinations given to its inspectors. Mr. Smith said that he went only in the interests of the Hawaiian inspectors who should have been permitted to write their papers in their own language, and Mr. Cooper only because he heard that they had not been given enough time to prepare and that after all party politics came before knowledge of health matters.

The truth of the whole matter is that both gentlemen presented an open and shut proposal to hold the examinations over until after the Republican convention. Doctor Pratt, as a matter of fact, gave the inspectors permission to write their papers in any language they wanted and they had four months' notice of the examinations, and two months to study a primer that an ordinary man could have learned in two weeks.

As most of the inspectors passed, Mr. Smith and Mr. Cooper were unnecessarily alarmed. The only impression Mr. Cooper has created is that his committee is looking after the interests of the board of health inspectors which is not a nice impression to create.

Mr. Cooper says that "Doctor Pratt's action in seizing upon friendly counsel as a basis of attack upon the friends of the administration seems very ill advised."

Why should Mr. Cooper have said that? Doctor Pratt has consistently refused to talk for publication, has made no attack and has not once been quoted by any newspaper in that way. And then, if this were only "friendly counsel" for Doctor Pratt, why did the political allegation go over his head and call upon the Governor?

Good Citizenship the Main Thing

The movement toward commission government for municipalities has been checked, says a Boston paper. It has not, however, been stopped. While the more enthusiastic among its advocates may be disappointed because it falls short of maintaining its early rate of progress, thoughtful observers will see in the apparent reaction a new and encouraging evidence of the advancement of wholesome civic convictions. It has been demonstrated in the last few years to the satisfaction of open-minded people that there is nothing essentially harmful in the old system of municipal government. It works satisfactorily in many cities. On the other hand, it has been established that commission government of itself does not solve municipal problems for those communities that have long been suffering from misrule. The commission form of government simplifies administration and frequently opens the way for reforms that have been obstructed by the old system; but it has been proved time and time again that where the people take the same interest in the conduct of their local affairs under the old as they are led by newborn civic pride to take under the new the results are equally agreeable.

The whole matter, therefore, resolves itself into this, that it is not the form of municipal government so much as the citizenship behind it that insures honest and efficient administration. Whether the system be old or new, neglect by the people of their public duties is certain to find its natural reflection in the management of their communal affairs. An indifferent or careless electorate will not choose as its trustees the most capable and trustworthy persons, nor will it exercise that watchful supervision over the acts of its representatives in office which prevents loose methods of administration from becoming extravagant and corrupt.

A keener appreciation of these facts is turning thought to a considerable extent away from municipal reorganization and toward the upbuilding of a more conscientious and responsible citizenship. It is seen by those who are receptive of the good influences diffused by everyday experience that what is needed for the greater political and moral advancement of American municipalities is not legislation, but education. The individual citizen must be taught and must come to feel, that he can not delegate his civic responsibility to any political party or to any individual. If the government of his community is incompetent, extravagant or corrupt, he does not fulfil the duties of citizenship by simply railing at it. He must assume his share of the responsibility.

Small Talks

A. F. GRIFFITHS.—I am very much interested in the discussion on education but have little to add to it.

CHARLES BARRON.—I understand Honolulu wants me to promote that Marathon race in San Francisco.

ED TOWSE.—Hawaii will have a chance at Chicago to present Mr. Taft with a slight token of its gratitude.

SHERIFF CROWELL of Maui.—Things are mighty quiet over on our island now. We are having no excitement.

G. K. KEAWEHAKU.—The local union has absolutely nothing to do with David Ewaliko of Hilo. We recognize him only as an organizer.

DEPUTY SHERIFF ROSE.—This was the first time I ever hoed the Kaiser officially. I never knew before what awfully good people the Kaiser's men are.

CONSUL PFOTENHAUER.—The courtesy of Rear-Admiral Thomas in giving a salute from his four cruisers in honor of Emperor William was one of the most graceful compliments that could have been offered.

PROF. M. M. SCOTT.—There is a constant demand for the product of our courses in stenography, and the supply of graduates is not great enough to meet it. This should be something of an indication of the efficiency of that part of the industrial work of the public schools.

NORMAN WATKINS.—If Collector of Customs Stackable is not to be re-appointed then I am a candidate for the job. I go to Washington to urge Stackable's reappointment, but if he is not to be selected then I shall work for the appointment.

A. F. GRIFFITHS.—It will be a great spring for reminiscences of Dickens. The approaching centennial anniversary of the author's birthday will be the motive of a number of scholastic celebrations at Oahu College, and the school work, particularly in the English department, will be noticeably tinged with things pertaining to Charles Dickens.

G. H. TUTTLE.—The A. A. U. is looking forward to a very successful field and track meet on the morning of Floral Parade day. The list of sports will include those oldtime events, the javelin and discus, and there are a number of old college men in the Islands who are ready to teach the younger element how to handle those historic sporting instruments.

HARRY CORSON CLARKE.—And so my friend George Lycurgus is a bloated bondholder. I thought I might renew acquaintanceship with him. When I was here about fifteen years ago I used to ride out on my bicycle to Sans Souci for a midnight plunge in the surf, and then one of Lycurgus' suppers afterwards. I have very pleasant memories of old Sans Souci.

JAMES HOWE (Atchison Globe).—Honolulu is progressing rapidly and I think I ought to come back here again. I visited some of my old haunts after getting off the Cleveland, looked up some of the old boat boys, some of the men on the wharves and even got taken over to Oahu Prison. However, my friend McDuffie took me along as a friend. Honolulu is a great town.

H. W. BRODIE.—I want to endorse the work of the Hawaii Promotion Committee. The committee is using safe, sane and sure methods to bring tourists here. There should, however, be but one organization and all funds should go to that, so that the citizens could cooperate with and get back of one strong organization. I would like to say, also, that people who deface historic tablets, such as that at the Pali, should be given the maximum punishment.

Trees for Highways

The planting of trees along the county roads, which was advocated at the state grange, is a policy which this paper has long been urging, says the Baltimore American. The systematic planting of trees along the road lines is something which everybody agrees should be done, but apparently it is one of those betterments which, being everybody's business, is on that account nobody's business.

It is an affair which can be dealt with as a common interest, because the road lines are common property. Every county ought to have a tree-planting policy, just as it has a road building and a road-mending policy—which is to say, there should be in every county a carefully planned system whereby trees of the kind best adapted to the soil along each particular highway would be furnished and the planting and tending be provided for. Those intrusted with keeping the roads in repair could superintend the planting of the trees and look after them.

The plan of planting trees along the road lines, if adopted generally, would in the aggregate constitute an important forestry system for the state. Every mile of roadway, so planted, would represent more than a square acre devoted to forestry purposes, and it is only necessary to ascertain the aggregate mileage of the state's roadways to figure out just how extensive such a state forestry scheme would be. It would be equivalent to planting thousands of acres in trees.

LEAP YEAR.

'Tis Leap Year, girls, and don't forget,
The privilege of the suffragette,
With bashful, hesitating beaux,
Pluck up your courage and propose.
Untie old Precedent's red tape
And let no guilty man escape.
She who hesitates is lost,
So land your man at any cost.
If you have youth as well as beauty,
The Leap Year cry is, "Do your duty."
"Say, Horace, dear, will you be mine?"
Of all mankind for you I pine.
If he a happy year should wish you,
And slyly try to dodge the issue,
Just get a grip upon his coat
And put the question to a vote.
If he votes "No," and you vote "Yes,"
Throw out no signal of distress.
"Hip, hip, hurrah, it is a tie—
Blest be the tie that binds, you cry."
—James McCarthy.

Mrs. Henpeck—You know the saying: "Unlucky in love, lucky at cards." Henpeck—And yet you won't let me play poker. I'd win a fortune.—Boston Transcript.

"Say, come over here, old man. I want to ask you something in confidence. Is there anything peculiar about me?" "No. Why?" "That tall, handsome woman just beyond the punch bowl asked me a moment ago whether I fiddled or played chess."—Springfield Union.

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